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WHOLE NO. 1.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

BY ANNA G. BATES.

Songs in the night, O beauty,
In the night that is full of gloom,
Let praise arise from thine to the skies
As a flavor exalts perfume.
Let them sing to the Father's name,
An undivided, angel voices.

Songs in the night, O heart,
The way goes to home and dream,
That may have seen all joy depart,
And been left a prey to fear;
A prey to fear and pain.

That around us mortals walk

While we plant and see the flowers in vain,

And still are blithe.

Songs in the night, O heart,

For the love song is not forever,
It leads to the land where mortals depart—
The home of the angel throng;

And amid their music there is peace.

We know that soul songs of cheer

Are breathed in the smiling lips of those

Who have lived and suffered here.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

BY PAUL GREENWOOD.

1st edition.

It was one of those rainy evenings in spring, when everything is so inviting and all without chilly and raw. The rain fell in torrents, and spring gale was alive with sand traps whistling and howling with demon glee. I was spending a few days with a venerable friend, the Hon. H. C. Green—who resided in the state of Connecticut—in the quiet village of ——, beautiful by nature and the taste of

his study was all comfort, a glowing burst on the hearth, giving a most felicitous light. He was a scholar well up in life's history, polished and refined in manners. Indeed he was of those few living monuments of that has been fine in statue, noble and stately to look upon. He was my conception of a man!

"Well, Paul," said he, in a rich deep voice, as we set over the fire, "what can amuse you this evening?"

"Indeed, my venerable sir, you know me pleasure to listen to anything

my have to say—for I always feel

lifted by your conversation!"

I am much obliged, Paul, for the company you pay me. Let me see, you

love for literature, I have told you

of my travels in Europe, of Rome, of the Holy Land. By the by, I ever read you any of the journal

old friend, the author and lecturer,

the Wayland? You have read several

of his works—his thoughts were most

entertaining! Poor Horace, his life was an

as flight of winged facts or events I

can listen?"

With pleasure!"

And for long hours—far into midnight

did the deepest attention to his read-

on the MSS., which he had taken

from his private draw. The history of

the Wayland was sad, and my feelings

were played upon (as if touched

by master hand,) so full with reality was

it! And he who read it to me, felt

how I feel. Aye! he gave the picture

lights and shades which thrilled and

edged me, causing me, as he finished,

claim:—

"I am a man, and deem nothing that

is to man foreign to my feelings!" I

added, "with your permission I

would like to arrange some parts of this

existing journal for publication—I feel,

has so excited and delighted me, it

also create a like feeling in many a

that may chance to read it."

"My dear Paul, I shall feel a pleasure to our visitors to quote, the daughter of your friend, the author of 'Wayland,'

"I know it is a true history written in a style between the ends of the pen,

and makes them vibrate with sympathy and admiration!"

I have arranged such parts of the journal of Horace Wayland, that have struck me as being the most graphic and interesting, merely changing some of the language from the age he lived in to the more familiar of our day.

CHAPTER I.
Open Mammal. (*From a letter to his mother.*)

New York, July 1, 18—.

What a pleasant it is after eight months hard labor, labor for bread to scratch the body working far into the next morning before the eyes are allowed to close—working and the dim and roar which always haunts every office of the daily press, I feel for even two months I am free!

True! joyful word! for my soul is weary and sick of the excitement of this great city. To-morrow I shall start for the green hills of Connecticut, and there back Puritan village I shall find from the delights of nature. No more will the drama or opera—until Fall—trouble my mind—the pleasure-seekers, like me, are tired of city life, and rejoice that there are places beautiful with the works of God, not defiled by the hands of man. My last article is written, trudging on thin houses, and quiet scenes of the system" and prison doors.

A critic likes what is fit work, work!

Again the shadows of evening are softly creeping over the village, the birds have ceased their song, the stars shine in several hues, I know you are at home?"

"Oh, certainly, I do," said he, and in a moment he was moving from us to indulge with a company of happy beings in an opposite part of the room—I offer Maud my arm which she took and after a short conversation, I was introduced to her friends.

"I am glad to see you are ready," said he, "we shall have a glorious time."

"Indeed," said I.

"Yes," he continued, "you will be warmly received."

Strange thought I that we should feel this mysterious wish to know more of each other, as Harry ran on,

"It is her birthday, she is just sixteen, and the fete is given to celebrate the event."

"May she see many such joyous events!" I replied.

"I hope she may," said Harry, "the only fault she has, she's a little proud and quite set in her ways."

"Oh, my friend," I replied, "those qualities I admire, when not carried too far."

"Well," said Harry, "she has a warm heart, and he who wins it will have a jewel."

"She is young yet."

"Yes," he said, "but I feel certain she will not see another year before some one will claim her hand—for she is too attractive to pass through the world quietly—may it be your good fortune to be the lucky knight, friend Wayland?"

"Thank you for your good wishes, Harry, I am a bachelor of two and twenty, and shall remain so, until I see fit to alter my opinion!"

"Ha! ha! why Wayland I would n't give two figs for all the bachelor sentiments you will have to-morrow! for I feel certain Maud will ween you of them!"

"Shall we go?" I said.

"Yes!" replied Harry.

In a few moments we were walking

The next night was spoken, and I lay myself more toward our house, lost in thought with our own thoughts.

August 20, 18—.

Nearly two months have rolled away—

months of happiness! the book is all written and ready for my publisher. To-morrow will see me once more at my post of duty with a heart strong while my body has recovered all its former vigor, and my mind feels clear—my soul, which beats within me, is anxious to return to

the battle of existence. I have occupied my evenings with Maud. Harry Wilder has proved a won friend. I shall never forget his kindness—I regret not to

make the South his home, I would like such a friend to be near so that I might see him often! Evening, again, creeps over the village, the sky is cloudy, and a rain is gently falling. As I look from my window I see that the long street is deserted, no footstep greets my ear—yet it is a pleasant rain, I love to listen to its murmur, as it falls on the gambrel roof over my head.

Maud is expecting me tonight, she does not know I leave to-morrow, I have not told her yet. I feel a thrill of joy whenever I am in her society. I know all humanity feels this when they meet with

some sympathizing soul—there is not a heart, but have its moments of longing, yearning for something better, nobler, prouder than its own, and though Maud may have her faults, I find in her this *purity, this better nature* that men seldom find and worship!

As I walk through the village, I feel sorrowful as I think of the pleasant past, and I wonder how long in the future it will be before my feet shall tread these same paths, my heart beats rapidly as I say to myself, "I hope to soon do!"

"Ah, there's Maud at the window! She sees me, in another instant, run to meet me. How kind it is of her!"

"Good evening, Horace, I am glad you have come!"

"How do you do this evening, Maud?" I replied,—"Horace, I somewhat expected you to tea!"

"Indeed?" said I, as we entered the parlor, "why, I have enjoyed so much of your hospitality—I think I have made myself too much at home."

"Oh, fy!" laughed Maud, "now that's queer you should think so!" giving me a playful look as she hung on my arm, "perhaps you are tiring of us?"

"No indeed! my dear Maud, the two months I have spent in your company have been months of pleasure—I assure you they will live in my memory forever!"

"I am glad you feel so, Horace, I have never enjoyed myself more than I have this summer."

We seated ourselves and Mrs. I joined us; after spending an hour in familiar conversation bade me a kind good bye, and left us to enjoy each other's society.

The hours came and went, hours full with *hope!* I saw in Maud all that my heart wished for—and though no word of love had passed between us, yet our souls seemed to feel its electrical sparks. We had been silent for sometime when I spoke, in a half whisper to Maud:—

"This is the last night for sometime we shall spend together, to-morrow I leave for New York."

"Why! Horace!" she exclaimed, "what do you mean? going so soon? and her eyes were alive with emotion."

"Yes, dear Maud, business waits for me, and though I could spend many more

(Continued on eighth page.)

THE TIMES: A SOUTHERN LITERARY AND FAMILY PAPER.

From the Southern Field and Fireside.
To One Beloved.

By MARTIN V. MORSE.

When the heart is sweetly dreaming,
Brightest visions only gleaming;
When with love over them are ramming,
Faded flowers for their blossoming
(A tenement, silver vessel, crimson flowers—)
In this quenched-smiling bower—

When in joyous, festive throng—
Playful gay, alluring songs—
Breathing rapture there—

Faithfully dear—

With the heart's contented bly—
Swelling high—

Tufts of moss—think of me!—

And then I'll smile a smile for thee!

When the heart with felicity glows—
Sings its action-singing song—

With its eddies, clear and bly—

Whispering sorrow only—

When its wasted boughs are dyling—

And desolate hopes are dying—

When its mattocks cleave the boughs—

Bare its main-mountain boughs—

When its monitory boughs—

Mossy's bloom—

When it gives of boughs broken—

No more boughs—

Think of me!—think of me!—

And then I'll smile a smile for thee!

Think of me!—my bough, my bough—

And at startle hours of even—

When angels in their loveliness in heaven—

And when love with heightened beams—

Bathes the soul in blissful dreams—

When the spirit lies—

Where the skies—

Reel with giddy over now—

Ever true—

Think of me!—think of me!

And then I'll dream a dream of thee!

Think of me!—when Spring is coming—

Over the valley, gayly blooming—

Think of me!—when Summer flowers—

Loud their wealth to bless the houses—

And when Autumn's golden harvest—

Tells of Winter's coming frosty,

When the summer days have perished—

That our Summer loves had perished—

Think of me!—when low I sleep—

Where the pine and willow keep—

Still, for my grave—

As they wave—

To the sightless passing shore—

With a prayer—

Think of me!—think of me!

And then I'll breathe a prayer for thee!

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Being Sketches of American Heroes, Statesmen, Benefactors and Divines.

GOV. WILLIAM R. DAVIE.

William Richardson Davie was born at the village of Egremont, near White Haven, England, on the 26th of June, 1756. When seven years of age he came to this country with his father, and was confided to the care of Rev. William Richardson, a presbyterian minister in the Waxhaw settlement, whose name he bore, and who was his maternal uncle. Pleased with the boy, and having no children of his own, he adopted him, and made him heir to his estate. After using all the means of academic education which the state afforded, he was transferred to the college at Princeton, New Jersey. He was sergeant of that gallant band of youth which left the flowery paths of study for the tented field. Having served through the campaign for which he and his brave compatriots had volunteered their services, he returned to Princeton, and, finishing his course of instruction in that institution, was graduated with the most distinguished honors of his class.

After his graduation young Davie returned to South Carolina, determining to seek employment in the army; but finding that the commissions had all been disposed of, he decided to study law. Accordingly he went to Salisbury, and entered upon his clerkship. But the battle-field had a charm for him that disturbed the solitude of his closet, and he again sought to share its excitements. He prevailed upon a patriotic acquaintance, by the name of Barnett, to raise a company of dragoons, in which corps he was appointed a lieutenant. Barnett being rather advanced in life, soon after resigned, and left the command with Davie. Joining his band with Palawski's legion he soon rose to the rank of major, and in the fight at Stono he received so severe a wound as to be obliged to leave the field for several months. After passing a few weeks in the hospital at Charleston, and finding that his wound qualified him for active duty, he returned to Salisbury, finished his clerkship, and received a license to practise law.

In the winter of 1780, having so far recovered his health as to permit his taking the field once more, the government of North Carolina empowered major Davie to raise one troop of dragoons and two of mounted infantry. He soon raised and equipped this force,—although in doing it he wasted the largest part of his estate,—and, proceeding to the south, rendered important service to the cause of the pa-

triots, and proved himself to be a partisan leader of the very first class.

It would be impossible in our brief limits to describe all the scenes in which the gallant colonel Davie exhibited his daring, prudence, and military skill; suffice it to say that he rendered efficient service in harassing the enemy's van, destroying their military stores, and in breaking up the strongholds of the tories, whose influence was more to be dreaded than that of the British soldiery. In the disastrous defeat of Gates, colonel Davie rendered important aid in protecting the rear of the retreating army from the vanguard of the enemy, he and his brave troopers often holding in check the entire force of the English, by which Gates was enabled to save the broken legions of his defeated hosts from utter annihilation.

When Greene assumed the command of the southern army, he saw and felt the necessity of a reform in the commissary department, and he immediately perceived the fitness of colonel Davie for this difficult office. After much hesitation he was persuaded to accept it. By his influence with the legislature and several of the most wealthy and most influential men of the state of North Carolina, he was enabled to meet and supply the needs of the army, and to infuse new hope and vigor into the desponding troops.

At the close of the war, selecting the town of Roanoke for a residence, colonel Davie married Sarah, the daughter of general Allen Jones, resign'd his commission in the army, and commenced once more the practice of his chosen profession. He was first employed as counsel in a capital case for the accused, in which he was successful, and established his reputation as a criminal pleader. For fifteen years, it is said, not a capital trial was had in any of the courts in which he practised in which he was not employed as counsel for the accused.

Colonel Davie served several years in the legislature of North Carolina; was a member of the convention which framed the constitution and of the state convention which accepted it; was a major general of the militia; was governor one year, and then sent as minister to France. On his return he removed to his plantation on the banks of the Catawba, where he lived respected and beloved until 1820, when he died in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

MAJOR ANDERSON.

Major Anderson is now about 53 years old, and was born in Kentucky, entering the Military Academy from that State, and graduating with distinction, on June 30th, 1825. The record of the military service shows that he was promoted to a first lieutenant, in 1833, and made captain by brevet, in 1838, for gallantry and successful strategy, in the war against the Florida Indians. In the same year, he was appointed Assistant Adjutant General, with the rank of captain—the captaincy itself not coming until October of 1841, and his present rank of Major only reaching him last year.

"Major Anderson has also performed a large amount of the staff duty incident to the service, a few years since, and before it was made distinct from duty in the line. He acted as Assistant Inspector of the Illinois Volunteers, serving with Abraham Lincoln in the 'Black Hawk' war of 1832. He was Assistant Instructor, and Instructor of Artillery at the Military Academy in the years 1835-'6 and '7, and was aide-de-camp to Major General Scott in 1838.

"During the Mexican war the Major directed all the labors and dangers of the campaign, being severely wounded in the assault on the enemy's works at Molino del Rey, and receiving brevet majority for gallantry and meritorious conduct in that action." Major Anderson has also received from the Government many evidences of its trust and confidence, other than those bestowed by the War Department.

"His last service, previous to his taking command of Fort Moultrie, was a member of the commission ordered, last summer, by Congress, to inquire into the manner of instruction at the West Point Military Academy. The labors of that commission (in which Major Anderson performed his part) have already been laid before Congress.

"In physique, the Major is about five feet nine inches in height; his figure is well set and soldierly; his hair is thin and turning to iron gray; his complexion swarthy; his eye dark and intelligent; his nose prominent and well formed. A stranger would read in his air and appearance,

determination and exaction of what was due to him. He has a good deal of manner. In intercourse he is very courteous, and his rich voice and abundant gesticulations go well together. He is always agreeable and gentlemanly, firm and dignified, a man of undaunted courage, and as a true soldier may be relied on to obey orders and do his duty."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
LITERATURE AND ART.

BY GEO. W. COTHRAN.

HAND BOOK OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE.—By Anne C. Lynch Botts. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 567. New York: Derby & Jackson.

The authoress of this volume could not have rendered a better service to the literature of our country than she rendered in writing this work. It is certainly one of the most invaluable books ever published in America. It is the result of long and careful reading and research, and contains in a brief but comprehensive statement, the real substance of a whole library. There is not a line in it but contains, or constitutes a portion of the statement of some important and interesting fact, relative to the Literary History of the world. Its contents are like pure gold disengaged of all dross and worthless matter. It is a perfect *rare museum* of Literary intelligence. It is intended as a guide to the student in acquiring a knowledge of the literature of the world. We prize the volume as highly as any work we have read on the same subject; and regard it as the best literary compend published.

The authoress says in her preface that "This work was begun many years ago, as a literary exercise, to meet the personal requirements of the writer, which were such as most persons experience on leaving school and 'completing their education,' as the phrase is. The world of literature lies before them, but where to begin, what course of study to pursue, in order best to comprehend it, are the problems which present themselves to the bewildered questioner, who finds himself in a position not unlike that of a traveller suddenly set down in an unknown country, without guide-book or map. The most natural course under such circumstances would be to begin at the beginning, and take a rapid survey of the entire field of literature, arriving at its details through this general view. But as this could be accomplished only by subjecting each individual to a severe and protracted course of systematic study, the idea was conceived of obviating this necessity to some extent by embodying the results of such a course in the form of the following work, which, after being long laid aside, is now at length completed.

"In conformity with this design, standard books have been condensed, with no alterations except such as were required to give unity to the whole work; and in some instances a few additions have been made. Where standard works have not been found, the sketches were made from the best sources of information, and submitted to the criticism of able scholars.

"The literatures of different nations are so related, and have so influenced each other, that it is only by a survey of all, that any single literature, or even any great literary work, can be fully comprehended, as the various groups and figures of a historical picture must be viewed as a whole, before they can assume their true place and proportions." Price \$1.25.

LOUIE'S LAST TERM AT ST. MARY'S. 12mo. pp. 239. New York: Derby & Jackson, 498 Broadway.

We have read this book with much care and a deep degree of interest. It certainly is a work of no ordinary merit. The style is terse and yet pure and simple; and the story, or rather fragment of the life of a beautiful girl, is told so truthfully, pathetically and beautifully, as to not only make a lasting impression upon the mind, but to call, unbidden, many a sympathetic tear from the eye. It is one of those books, the reading of which will exert a strong, wide and powerful influence. There is nothing like argument nor attempt at "fine writing" in it; but it consists in a plain, unvarnished statement of an evil which exists in schools and academies of learning, and as it states the inevitable result of this evil; the truthfulness of which is self-evident, the picture is much more vivid, and the impression is not stronger than any process of argument could make them.

Louie is a true hearted, whole souled,

noble girl just budding into young-lady-hood, with a proud spirit that would scorn to do a mean act—a spirit that can only be conquered by kindness, gentleness and humane treatment, and which would rebel against undue restraint and meet "force by force." She was susceptible of easy approach through the avenues of kindness and affection, while any attempt to crush her high spirit, under cover of authority, would meet with resentment and contempt. Her teacher, Miss Barlow, was a haughty little busy-body, full of self-conceit, and prided herself upon being preserver of the wand of authority. In her class, her word must be respected, her authority must be obeyed. As is too frequently the case with those who have in charge the education of the minds of the youthful, and the moulding and shaping their future destinies, she deemed it quite sufficient to lay down her arbitrary rules; and, without inquiring into the real cause and endeavoring to see what could be accomplished by an appeal to the good sense and better nature of the pupil, to reprimand in the severest terms, *in the presence of the class*, or to punish with severity, the least infraction of those rules. Now, it is proverbially true, that you can "kill a person with kindness." And if this be true, you certainly can overcome her with kind treatment. Here is the great mistake which teachers usually, at least, frequently, fall into—they do not sufficiently acquaint themselves with the disposition and character of their respective pupils, and then adopt a mode of correction, or enforcement of their rules, in accordance with the disposition of each. One may need a severe castigation, while the gentlest reproof, even in private, will come with crushing weight upon the sensitive nature of another. Now, just reverse this mode of treatment, or even treat both with a castigation, and mark the result! And yet there is another class of pupils, and in fact they are usually the best natured and best pupils in the school, who need no punishment at all. In this class you will find the two opposite spirits, the meek and the nobly proud. They are the pupils who are "run upon" by the others,—upon whom the others cast every wrong and misdeed that transpires at school. The proud spirit, conscious of having done nothing wrong, can view their conduct with no other feeling than contempt; while the meek one suffers and looks pityingly on.

There were certain girls who attended during "Louie's Last Term at St. Mary's," who delighted in misconstruing everything Louie said or did, and in communicating everything to Miss Barlow. Miss B. had conceived a dislike for Louie, which soon became mutual, and she seemed to take delight in humbling Louie. Louie's proud spirit rebelled and would not submit. Of course she was sent to the Study. Mr. Rogers who officiated in the Study, did not seem to understand her character much better than did Miss Barlow, so that ere long the course of life the poor girl had to endure was of the most unpleasant kind. The only person who really appreciated her character was the Rev. George Washington Doane who presided over the institution, and to whose memory the book is affectionately dedicated. But he had not the opportunities and did not discover the secret of Louie's unhappiness, until it was too late. The continued vexations and grievances to which the proud spirited girl was subjected were too much for sensitive nature to withstand; and an angel, much kinder than her teacher, entered her room; and Louie was soon reported dangerously ill. It was not until her decease—which was the legitimate result of her improper treatment by her teacher—had made such rapid progress that recovery was hopeless, that her true character became known to all and appreciated by her teacher and fellow-pupils. The death scene that ensues is one of the most affecting scenes ever portrayed by the romancer's pen. It will draw the tear of sympathy from the eye of youth or maturer age. Alas! poor Louie!

Sufficient has been said to convey to the mind of the reader a correct idea of the character of this work. It is a work that presents strong claims upon our humanity; a work that points out an evil, which, if permitted and practiced, will embitter the lives of many young persons who might otherwise be happy, while it equally as plainly points out the remedy; a work that every person who has charge of the culture of youthful minds, should

read, and read attentively, as it asserts one of those great moral principles which underlie the fabric of society. Let them read, and take warning from the fate of Louie, not to crush the tender plant with the "iron rule," when, under the culture of the "gentle hand," it will thrive and fructify, until it blooms into full fruition. Read this excellent little volume. Price 81.

NEMESIS.—("The Mills of the God's Grind Slowly.") By Marion Harland, author of "Alone," "Hidden Path," "Moss Side," &c. New York: Derby & Jackson, 498 Broadway.

In Grecian Mythology, Nemesis was the daughter of Night. Her office was to baffle pride and haughtiness, and to punish secret vice. She presided over the distribution of retributive justice, and her vengeance, if once provoked, was sure to fall on the offender at last, however long delayed. Although "The Mills of the God's Grind Slowly," the day of retribution is sure to come. This is the great, leading, central idea of this work. It is a romance of life in the Old Dominion, starting off in humble life, and passing through various vicissitudes, a radical change in the worldly affairs of the *dramatis personae* is wrought. The plot is decidedly excellent and is well sustained throughout. But it is not alone in the plot that the merit and beauty of this admirable romance consist; it is in the matchless delineation of character—its graphic portraiture of men and things—it's dramatic power; its changing scenes in life-history, with their variety of pathetic incidents, through which one of the noblest moral truths which exert a redeeming influence over mankind is evolved; in its impassioned eloquence; its verisimilitude and the forcible beauty of its style. As a whole, "Nemesis" is the most perfect and matchless romance of the day. It is by far the most excellent of Mrs. Terhune's writings. We shall recur to this work again soon in connection with Mrs. Harland's other works. In the meantime, don't fail to read the history of "Bessy Hale."

(From our China Correspondent.)

A Few Gathered Fragments.

SHANGHAI, Oct. 4th 1860.

Mr. Times:

As at every equinox, I am told, we are having cloudy, rainy and unpleasant weather, which keeps us quite closely within doors. So our "servant," this time, must be a few, and very few, fragments, gathered, partly from muddy jaunts, partly from little *Erebus Herald*, China of course, and partly from Mr. Hearsey, a very noted character on this side of the globe. I have not yet learned to be provident enough to lay up for rainy days," but act upon the principle "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

China man, like all Chinese, is too tricky to trust far, by foreign feet. It even gets upon pavements (?) to such a depth, that it not only takes blacking off of boots, but takes a man's feet from under him, unless he is extra watchful.

220; coal for furnace, 100; wood, 100, making in all 1104 cash. He was my debtor 465 cash; now I am his, 630. I give him \$1, mexican, worth at the time 1100 cash, which makes him my debtor again 521 cash. This he notes upon his count piece. Next week he comes in again for another settlement.

A visit to the big gardens, within the city, displayed more Chinese taste than has elsewhere been met with in Shanghai. These gardens are surrounded by motionless water, covered with an unpretty evergreen upon which fish are fed at other places than Shanghai. The paved walks, winding round and through ozone-roofed buildings, and sparsely decked with flowers, afford a somewhat pleasant retreat. By and over the water's edge, stands a little, airy house, the residence of two live storks, walking round and round upon their long slender legs, in their by no means clean chamber, while their high lofty heads indicate that they are more at ease when visitors do not call. Within the enclosure is a small, artificial mountain, the summit of which is gained by steps, winding around its sides, through woods, and near precipices, over which it would not be pleasant nor safe to fall. Reaching its highest peak, you find welcome, granite seats. Around the sides and on the top, trees of different kinds and sizes, wave greatly to the passing breeze. Could the eye be closed to the immediate surroundings, and rest upon further objects, on the one hand would be seen a beautiful and flourishing town by the river's side upon the waters of which quite a forest of ship's masts is standing; while on the other would be spread pleasant savannas; one would forget for a time he was in China, and imagine himself quietly resting upon some peak of a more congenial land. These gardens are the great resort for the elite of the city, but in these troublous times, the greater portion of that class have sought safety elsewhere, and but very few are to be seen taking pleasure in these elfin walks.

In the great city temple is the great city god, whose hideous form is encircled back in a dim recess and surrounded with ugly images, looking as if ashamed that so many thousands are so blinded as to bow before, and offer incense to such an object.

Passing from such a deplorable altar, we soon come to groups of people not far distant apart. One is listening to ballad singing; the second is looking at various little things exhibited for sale; another is hearing a native Chinaman accompanied by a missionary, preach the gospel of our Savior; still another is being entertained by instrumental and vocal music (?); and yet another is witnessing the performance of a ventriloquist. And he ventriloquizes well. He gives place presently to the other, who places his hand on his jugular regions, saying he has four different kinds of birds within; but succeeds in showing that he is not at all burdened with good sense.

News from the North is by no means flattering, either for China or the Allies. It was generally thought that the taking of the Taku Forts would end the fighting—but far different.

Tsung-kao-ling-sin, commander of the Tartar forces, was degraded by the Emperor, for being driven from the forts, to which he was unwilling to submit without an effort to redeem his generalship. While the English and French were on the march for Pekin, they were suddenly attacked by twenty-five thousand Tartars, with eighty guns. The Allies repulsed them killing and wounding, it is supposed, about seven hundred men, capturing the eighty pieces of canon, taking a town, and seizing ten to the amount of one million of dollars. They lost about forty men in the engagement. And it was currently reported that Tsung-kao-ling-sin cut his throat in despair. Soon after the battle, three or four English officers, the Times correspondent and part of Lord Elgin's staff, went out a short distance from the army to look at an old temple, and were taken prisoners.

Sir Almira Hope threatened that if a hair of the prisoners was hurt, he would march directly to Pekin, and sack and destroy the city. The Tartars threatened that if the Allies went to Pekin, they would behead the prisoners. Hearing of the death of the only brave and patriotic man, Tsung-kao-ling-sin, in the Tartar service, and hearing these threats, all were quite sanguine that hostilities would cease. But this had not ceased to be the exciting topic, when later intelligence

came that the Allies had fought their way to Pekin, bombarded it, forced the gates, fired the city and were still fighting. Several hundred of their number were taken prisoners, and doubtless many killed and wounded. The posts they had taken on their way to the Capital had to be fortified, so their forces were reduced from seventeen to ten thousand. The Chinese authorities proffered to meet them at the town they had just taken, to treat with them. But no; they must go to Pekin. They were then told if they did, they would have to fight for it. Fight for it they did; and so they did.

This last intelligence is not printed and we know not how far it is correct. But there is no doubt that there has been, and may be still, fighting; and that the result, in fact the whole affair, is very different from what was expected. The mail will be down in a day or two, when we will probably hear something further and more reliable. We are expecting next to hear that Pekin is in ashes. Such a calamity would be the most humiliating thing that could befall the dynasty especially the destruction of the Emperor's Palace. The Chinese have a superstitious reverence for all official rooms. They would kill a ruler but would not touch his office—would run to the ground every building around it, but it must stand.

What the next issue will be it is useless to conjecture. And it is equally doubtful what the final result will be. Should the Allies succeed in obtaining all they desire, which they more than probably will, and with draw their forces, the Chinese will quite apt violate the treaty before they get home. But should the Allies fail and be driven off, you may look for us pretty soon. For in case of such an event all foreigners will have to leave forthwith. However we are anticipating nothing of the kind.

It would seem that the present corrupt dynasty is about to be overthrown. The long-haired Rebels are shaking it in the south; the English and French are pressing hard up in the Emperor's Palace; and it is now reported among the Chinese that another rebellion has commenced in the North. It is said to be headed by one of the wealthiest, if not the wealthiest, men in the whole Empire. Because of his wealth the Emperor has burdened him with unjust exactions. These were imposed upon him till he could tolerate them no longer. He is said to be a man of great intelligence. He is much beloved by all who know him. Such being the case, and having under him quite a number of men, his movement is to be greatly dreaded by the ruling dynasty. The correctness of this report cannot be vouchsafed for, though it is not without plausibility. The Manchu dynasty was set up in blood, and present indications are that it will end in blood. "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again," as true of nations as of individuals. It may be written of this vast Empire, as of Israel, "I will rend the kingdom." The nations of the earth are being shaken; and who can discern the signs of the times?

We have quiet at Shanghai at present. There is no probability of being disturbed again.

Why is it that the Times has ceased to visit the "Flowering Land?" There is no necessity of being afraid of the Rebels. They have not been able to take Hung-chaw. I have not turned rebel; and am at a loss to know why I am so slighted. Do call again soon. We are healthful and cheerful. Success to you. Truly,

MARQUIS L. WOOD.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
CURIOSITIES OF THE BIBLE—CONTINUED.

BY JAMES S. WATKINS.

Messrs. Cole & Albright:
Dear Sirs:—In the last issue of your valuable paper—December 22d, I am accosted in rather a severe manner, concerning a contribution which appeared in "The Times" of the 8th inst. Now, while I regard an open controversy contrary to the discipline of any young Christian's heart, I can but give this "pupil"—"A LEARNER," the satisfaction he requires as to my knowledge of the sacred teachings of the Scripture.

Allow me, in the first place, my most potent and sarcastic "pupil" to inform you that when I made the selections which appeared in the "Times" of Dec. 8th, I did not intend them to be "picked at" and criticised by one so learned as you, but merely for the benefit, (if it was a benefit,) of those who had never before

seen or noted the same. You say "most of the curiosities have been often published before." This is very true, and I suppose the good sense of my friends, the Editors, told them the same, and yet they gave it a place in their paper; you may very naturally enquire "why they did so," to which *good common sense* will reply—"merely for the benefit of those who had never before seen them!"

But, come, Mr. "pupil" I must to the subject, and if I can, without any reference to the Bible, give your stolid queries a correct and speedy reply; I am glad, at least, that you own one of my paragraphs "is of some importance."

Your question, "what two books of the Bible, in which neither Lord, God, nor Christ is mentioned," I have been acquainted with for many years, and to satisfy your idle curiosity, you will find neither Lord, God, nor Christ in the book of "Esther" and the "Song of Solomon."

Q. 2d. "Which chapter has Lord in every verse?" for this I would refer you to the evil Psalm which has but two verses in it—each of which has "Lord" mentioned in them.

Q. 3d. What book of the New Testament makes no mention of Jesus Christ? If you will turn to the "Third Epistle of John" and read it through, you will find that it makes no mention of "Jesus Christ"—rather strange and curious, too, isn't it?

Q. 4th. "How often does the word "pulpit" occur in the Bible?" Here you thought to "put me to the test," eh?—not so fast, sir "pupil," for if you will turn to Neh. 8th chapter and the 4th verse, you will find the following passage: "And Ezra the scribe stood upon a pulpit of wood, which they had made for the purpose, &c." this is the only place the word pulpit occurs, so far as I have any knowledge of.

Q. 5th. "In what place can we find the word Trinity?" Look, you, in the Sabbath school, I do not allow my "pupils" to spend, foolishly, any time that can be put to study, and do you, so young, now attempt to throw away your valuable time by asking questions you know not to be in the Bible. I am ashamed of you, but will forbear a reproof—if you promise "not to do so no more." The above question I do not remember of ever seeing, and in fact, if I must say it, I do not believe it can be found in the Bible at all.

We are taught by a reference to "Watson's Dictionary of the Bible," that the word "Trinity" does not occur in the pages of the "Word of God,"—see page 925 on which we find: "The word Trinity does not occur in the Scripture, nor do we find it in any of the early confessions of faith: but this is no argument against the doctrine itself, since we learn from the fathers of the first three centuries, that the divinity of the Son and of the Holy Ghost was, from the days of the Apostles, acknowledged by the catholic church, and that those who maintained a contrary opinion were considered as heretics, &c." I might go on and quote its history, but time will not admit, so turn and read for yourself.

Q. 6th. "Where is the quotation, 'In the midst of life we are in death' to be found?" This question is either stolid in its nature with the "pupil," or else he is testing my mind as being versed in sacred lore—any I ask which it is?—if the latter, allow me to ease his mind by saying, to my best knowledge, it cannot be found in the Bible, if it can, will my most learned adversary be kind enough to tell me where? for surely I should take it as a favor to be informed. I know, very well, it can be found in the "Burial Service" of any Episcopal Prayer Book, but never yet have I seen it in the Bible.

Q. 7th. "How old was Moses when he slew the Egyptian and fled to Midian? and how old was he when he led the Israelites out of Egypt?" This is a very good question, and you shall have a correct answer, or, at least, as near as I can calculate it: It was in the year 2473, about 1531 years before Christ that he slew the Egyptian, he being then 40 years of age. For reference, turn to the 2d chapter of Exodus, 11th and 12th verses and read as follows:

"And it came to pass in those days, when Moses was grown, that he went out unto his brethren, and looked on their burdens; and he spied an Egyptian smiting an Hebrew, one of his brethren,

"And he looked this way and that way, and when he saw that there was no man, he slew the Egyptian and hid him in the sand."

Now, sir, this does not tell how old Moses was at the time, it merely says "he was grown" or in other words "of age," as we say now; but if you will consult thoroughly the Jewish dispensation you will find in those days a man was considered of age at 40, hence Moses was 40 years old when he slew the Egyptian.

And it was in the year 2513, being 1491 years before the coming of Christ that he led the Israelites out of Egypt. Thus the space between the two dates is just 40 years—making Moses 80 years of age when he led the Israelites out of Egypt; reference, Exodus VI chapter XIII verse.

Q. 8th. "How many miles did the Jews bring up from Babylon on their return after their captivity?" I will not only inform you how many miles they brought with them but if you wish also how many horses—see Ezra 2d chapter, 6th verse, and you will find there that they brought with them 243 mules and 736 horses; does that suit you sir? I hope it is satisfactory!

Q. 9th. "How was Absalom hung in the oak?" I am happy to tell you, sir, this question I have been acquainted with for over 13 years, and if you will refer to II Samuel, 18th chapter and 9th verse, you will find the following:

"And Absalom met the servants of David. And Absalom rode upon a mule, and the mule went under the thick boughs of a great oak, and his head caught hold of the oak, and he was taken up between the heaven and the earth; and the mule that was under him went away."

And now, my good sir, who styles himself "A Learner," are you satisfied with my answers? and do you persevere "Me. Watkins" at all "put to the test" in replying to any? if so, I am some future member of the *Times* let him hear from you?

By-the-by, allow me to "ply you" with just a few questions, but do not, at the same time, think I wish to test your ability—as I do not—it is only a return for your "favors."

1. In what place can we find the word "Parlours?"
2. Where can we find, and how often does the word "preserver" occur in the Bible?

3. Where is the word "trickleth" to be found? and how often does it occur in the Bible?

4. How large was the bed of Oz, King of Bashan—in english feet?

5. After their families, what number was the sons of Benjamin?

6. In the Rebellion of Korah, Dathan and Abram, how many were slain by the plague, for murmuring against Moses?

7. In what year, and how long before Christ, did the Jews obtain sentence from Darius against the Samaritans, concerning the tribute of Samaria?

8. In what year did Alexander, son of Amputas, succeed his father on the throne of Macedon? and how long did he reign?

9. When did Nero kill himself, and who succeeded him?

Now come, Mr. "A Learner," do you tell us candidly and earnestly, if the above questions "put you to the test" any. I would like to have my questions answered as I have done yours—will you do it?—You can but be able, if I am to judge from the tone of your communication in the *Times*.

N. B.—If my friend does not answer the above, I will give the answers in some future copy of the *Times*.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

BY MRS. L. M. HUTCHINSON.

"I wish you a happy new year, Aunt Mary," said my Mother to an old lady whom I had known for many years, and whom every body addressed with this appellation; for what reason, indeed I never could tell unless it was the uniform kind disposition which she possessed and the many deeds of Charity which she performed.

But whenever she derived this appellation, she was regarded by all in the village as a model of piety and a pattern of excellence.

"Fanny!" my Mother continued, "has brought you some sweetmeats and some medicine."

"How very kind in you to think of me, Mrs. Mason," said Aunt Mary in reply, "and how blessed you are in your children! They are always so obedient to you and treat you with so much respect and confidence: This I presume is the result of your admirable mode of training. O! that all mothers had your happy art of bringing up children," Aunt Mary continued.

"And it came to pass in those days, when Moses was grown, that he went out unto his brethren, and looked on their burdens; and he spied an Egyptian smiting an Hebrew, one of his brethren,

"And he looked this way and that way, and when he saw that there was no man, he slew the Egyptian and hid him in the sand."

it certainly does not find me happier.—Only think it is twenty years ago to day that my darling boy, the son of many prayers, deserted his parental roof for a foreign land, and I fear for an insatiate grave: He was one on whom my fondest hopes were centered, he was kind, generous, and devoted, and all who knew him formed the expectation, that he would become a most useful member of society:—He seemed always to study my every wish—so attentive was he to me, that no shade of trouble ever clouded my brow, and when leaning on his arm going to the house of God, I have often asked myself the question, can any Mother be more blessed than I? Whilst he was young I lost my husband and I then thought I was overwhelmed with sorrow, and yet, while ready to sink under my burdens, there appeared to come through the gloom a still small voice, that seemed to whisper, you have mission yet in earth, train up your son for eternity, and oh! how I tried to obey the mandate, yet in an evil hour he ran—how low! and now he lies perhaps a drunkard's grave; O! I must exclaim with one of old, "If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved."

"Your afflictions," said my mother, "have been very great indeed yet hope still. He that has watched over you these many years watches still and he can bring light out of darkness, your many prayers will not return void—you have been cast down but not forsaken. Something tells me that you will yet behold your son with joy and gladness."

At that moment a rap was heard at the door which arrested our attention and Aunt Mary going to the door found a little girl about seven years of age, dressed in a style simple and neat, yet possessing taste and opulence.

"Will not my little daughter walk in and take a seat," said Aunt Mary, struck with the beauty of the child whilst my Mother and myself sat admiring the child-like similitude that seemed a peculiar trait of the little girl; on entering she in a voice of great sweetness enquired, "Is this Mrs. Maynard, the lady that used to live in that large house across the street?"

"The same my child," said Aunt Mary "I lived there some years ago but it has been shut up for some time until yesterday I saw strangers moving in."

"Then Papa told me to kiss you and give you this New-Year's present."

"Your Papa," said Aunt Mary, embracing her, "is very kind."

At the same time taking a paper parcel from the child's hand, on opening it she found a beautifully bound copy of Baxter's *Saints Rest*.

Not knowing from whence the present had come Mrs. Maynard turned to the fly-leaf of the book and there found written these words.

"To the best of Mothers, whose prayers have been answered; from an only son."

The glasses fell from Aunt Mary's eyes—she had fainted, having seen that the gift was from her long lost son.

On recovering consciousness she found herself clasped in his arms, and drawing her little grand daughter to her, she invoked blessing upon their heads and rejoicing she uttered the exclamation,

"Now indeed I have something to live for; something to bless my declining years."

"Mother," said I, "what made Mrs. Maynard's son so debased a character as to leave her for so many years—unconscious of his existence and go abroad into a distant land?"

"The first temptation," said my mother, "was Egging and Christmas wine, these were given him by a lady friend, but a little older than yourself—nay, urged upon him, till he could no longer decline."

My mother could proceed no further now, for Aunt Mary, turning to her, said "you were right, Mrs. Mason, God has indeed brought light out of darkness. He has returned my son safe and sound and in his right mind; my sky was this morning overcast with clouds, but now the sun is shining in all its brightness."

Her son proved to be the stranger that had moved in the large white house across the way, he having purchased this handsome residence and restored it again to his mother. He soon presented to her his entire family, and this proved to her a Happy New Year indeed.

O! that this might prove a happy new year to many mothers whose sons, like James Maynard, are tempted by the too often fatal bowl, and feel it to be impossible likewise to decline the alluring temptation.

THE TIMES.



GREENSBORO, N. C.

Saturday.....Jan. 5, 1861

C. C. CO., Editors and Proprietors.
J. W. Atkinson,

TERMS.

This Times is published weekly in Greensboro, N. C., at \$2 a year in advance. No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, and the paper will be discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

Notice to Subscribers.

Subscribers renewing their paper with a cross-mark are notified thereby that their subscription has expired, and, unless renewed within four weeks, the paper will be discontinued.

To Advertisers.

The Times for its medium for advertising. None but select advertisers will be admitted. The following is our regular schedule of prices:

One insertion of ten lines.....	\$1.00
Two insertions of ten lines, one insertion.....	2.00
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One-half column.....	5.00
One column.....	10.00
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Two squares.....	30.00
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One-quarter of a page.....	60.00
One-half page.....	10.00
One square.....	15.00
One-quarter of a page.....	25.00
One-half page.....	40.00
One column.....	60.00

The New Volume.

With this number the Times enters upon its sixth volume. We trust we present it to our readers in form, type, and arrangement, neater and more convenient than heretofore. We have ever made it a point of a visiting car to study the interest of our patrons and to furnish them a paper the best we could make it.

During the present excitement in national affairs, we shall use greater energy in securing the latest possible news before going to press, and shall endeavor to give our readers a full synopsis of all the news of the country. They may expect to find in the Times every reliable item of importance.

We have also made arrangements to give our agricultural readers and those who preside over the domestic affairs more attention, and shall exercise greater care to fill their departments with a greater variety. We will give them during the year, as much reading in these departments as they would get from a monthly agricultural journal. It is our object to make the Times such a paper as to be desirable in every family circle in the State. It shall be emphatically "a family newspaper," and as such we hope it will find its way into every family circle, especially in North Carolina, taking the place of those printed by parties who have no interest in our state outside of the money of her citizens. We shall receive it as a very great favor in any one who will assist us in increasing the circulation of the Times.

The New Year.

Never did we enter upon a New Year with a prospect so gloomy and so uncertain. This happy confederacy of states has been thrown into a confusion and excitement, which every effort to conciliate, but makes confusion worse confounded—A land of freedom, of prosperity, of happiness, of Christianity; a land in which every man was lord of his own domain, and in which the path to honor and to fame is a public highway, free alike to the rich and the poor, knowing no distinction but in individual character and merit, is suddenly overcast with a portentous cloud of blackness as desolation, tinged with red as with blood.

But the American people were born free men, and the day has not yet come when these freemen will quietly submit to the destruction of this happy land. Our politicians, and spoils seekers, and adventurers may endeavor to create an excitement which will enrage to their advantage, but we unhesitatingly affirm our conviction, that an effort on their part to submerge this country into civil war, will fall upon their own heads, burying them into obscurity, while the people, seizing the loosened reins of government, will maintain their rights and their freedom.

As black as is the cloud, as uncertain as appears the future, we see no necessity for, nor any good to arise from, an undate excitement. Financially there is no cause for a panic; men are as honest, and as able to meet their demands as for many years. There should not yet be despair found in the breast of any honest and patriotic man. Only he who wishes for a disruption of the country can see no alternative.

Those who have been in the habit of reading the Times, know our course to be straight forward and independent, swayed by neither party nor sectional influences. We respect integrity and honesty wherever found; and with equal impartiality we denounce whatever we find to be detrimental to the prosperity, and perpetuity of our free institutions.

We sensibly feel the responsibility resting upon us, as public journalists, in this critical state of public affairs; and we enter upon the new year with a purpose steadily fixed to study the interest of our readers and of our common country, with an untiring vigilance.

The Press is the great machine that moulds public opinion, and we are sorry to see in many instances that so powerful an agency is managed with so little care for the consequences; that so many, instead of being reliable news papers, are but fire brands, giving forth uncertain reports merely to gratify the morbid desire of the public mind for something new and *extraordinary*. The Times will use a greater energy than heretofore to present its readers with the latest news up to the hour of going to press, but it will never manufacture news nor make unverified statements, to mislead its readers. Honesty of purpose and independence of action are the only rules that shall guide us.

As newspapers are intended to reflect public sentiment as well as to mould it and guide it, we shall at all times, be under obligation to any one who may communicate his own views, passing events, or furnish us correct and early reports of any public meetings or proceedings of public interest. Such favors will accommodate us and oblige our readers.

The News.

Since our last issue, the week before Christmas, the times have been eventful. Every day wrought some change in the aspect of affairs, complicating the plot of the political drama, drawing it nearer and nearer to a focus, which would inevitably, to all appearances, sunder the union into fragments.

The South Carolina State convention passed its secession ordinance; the Governor issued his proclamation declaring the State free and independent; the constitution of the State was amended so as to allow the Governor to appoint ministers to, and to receive them from, foreign nations, to enter into treaties of peace, amity, and commerce; commissioners were dispatched to treat with the United States at Washington. Much the larger portion of time the convention was in secret session, and its transactions have not been divulged.

A most serious transaction was the step taken by Maj. Anderson in removing his men from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumpter in Charleston harbor. Maj. Anderson acknowledges the responsibility of the movement, it having been made without orders, but he considered it necessary for his own safety. The cannon in Fort Moultrie, facing Fort Sumpter, were spiked and the carriages barreled. This act very greatly incensed the South Carolinians, and a collision between the federal and state troops was imminent for several days.

To prevent any further movement by the federal troops, the state troops of South Carolina took possession of Fort Moultrie, Castle Pinckney, and of the Arsenal.

Strong fortifications have been erected in and around Charleston to prevent the reinforcement of Maj. Anderson.

No attack on him is meditated. The South Carolina ladies have tendered their services at the forts.

Some have prepared bedding for the volunteers. Thus events stood at our latest advices from Charleston.

At Washington events have also been exciting. The delegation in Congress from South Carolina resigned on receiving intelligence of the secession of that state.—

The commissioners from South Carolina had not met with an official reception.—

They demanded of the President that Maj.

Anderson should be removed to Fort Moultrie, as their appears to have been an

understanding between the President and

the authorities of South Carolina that no change was to be made as regarded the defense of the Forts. The Cabinet held exciting meetings upon the subject for several days, resulting in the resignation of three of the members of the Cabinet, Messrs. Floyd, Thompson, and Thomas; but to this time Maj. Anderson holds his position. The Revenue Cutter, Harriet Lane, has been sent from Washington to Charleston with sealed orders. We learn that Maj. Anderson will resign his commission if remanded. The Senate committee of thirteen upon the State of the Union has reported that they were unable to agree, and has been discharged. Several very exciting debates have been had in the Senate. The House committee of thirty-three is still at work. The Republicans seem to be willing to concede (?) any measure as regards the existing slave states, but are tenacious of their former motto, "No more slave states." There is still some hope that the committee may agree.

POETICAL GALLERY.

POEMS BY ROSE TERRY.

Magazine readers of the present day have no need to be told who Rose Terry is. Sprightly, graceful, and versatile, she has become within a very few years, a favorite with all who turn to the pages of the monthly magazine for their chief literary pabulum, her contributions being as distinguished sought after as those of many an honored veteran in the service. Her more recent writings are chiefly in prose, her tales and sketches proving that in the difficult task of a smooth, condensed, and harmoniously finished story of limited length she has no superior. That she is also a industrious and graceful writer of verse is the little volume, containing over a hundred poems, now given to the world, will sufficiently attest.

Quite ten years ago, on one of those unfortunate rainy days in the country when one is left without any resources of a literary nature but the village paper and a last year's almanac, we had mastered the contents of the aforesaid literary treasures, and entertaining a better opinion of our host's broad, out-of-doors-good things than his supply of recreation for the intellectual man, had looked longingly out of the window a dozen times for the first speck of sunlight on the jeweled leaves, when we accidentally caught sight of some verses stuck fast on the wall. While we inwardly blessed the good people of the house for this novel method of supplying our intellectual wants we looked at the title. Its appropriateness made it doubly welcome. It was called "Indolence," and we committed the whole work of the poet to memory on the spot, though it was posted up without name, sign, or acknowledgement. Ten years later we learn on looking through the exquisite volume before us that to Miss Rose Terry we were indebted that day for the entertainment which perhaps stayed our hand from suicide—who knows?

As the little poem is as fresh to day as then, and as it is well worth the necessary setting, we hang it up in our gallery without apology.

INDOLENCE.

Indolent, indeed! yes I am indolent;
So is the grass growing tenderly, slowly;
So is the violet fragrant and lowly;
Drinking in quietness, peace, and content;

So is the bird on the light branches swinging;

Tidy his card of gratitude singing;

Only living and loving intent.

Indolent, indeed! yes, I am indolent;

So is the cloud overarching the mountain;

So is the tremendous wave of a fountain;

Uttering softly its silvery psalm;

Nerve and sensation in quiet reposing;

Silent as blossoms the night-dew is closing;

But the full heart beating strangely and calm.

Indolent, indeed! yes I am indolent;

So is the earth and its uses weary;

Wrapt in a pall that will cover thee only,

Shrouded in softness, pitiful ghost?

Sad eyes behind thee, and angels are weeping;

Or thy broken and desolate sleeping;

Art thou not indeed? art thou not lost?

Indolent, indeed! art thou not indolent?

Those who are living undivided and lonely,

Wrapt in a pall that will cover thee only,

Shrouded in softness, pitiful ghost?

Sad eyes behind thee, and angels are weeping;

Or thy broken and desolate sleeping;

Art thou not indeed? art thou not lost?

If we had space we should like to copy

the three Bell Songs, a poetical amplification

of the famous line, "Fanera plango,

fulgora frango, Sabbath pango," (I wail for

Funerals, break the lightnings, fix the

Sabbaths.) They are wondrously beautiful.

In the fitful, tuneful changes one

seems to hear the mournful tolling and startling clamor of the actual bell, and the four stanzas of the Fire bell have the concentrated power of Schiller, in the splendid fire scene of *The Lay of the Bell*. The tone of the Sabbath Bell is as mellow and musical as the sounds that float over the valleys and hills of our own Sabbath-loving country, and stirs the heart or calms the soul with the same mysterious spell. Other beautiful pieces are *Lotus Land*, *En Espagne*, *The River*, *Basil Kenan*, *Non Fit*, *New Moon*, etc. We gladly transfer the following to our Gallery:

NOW MOON.
Once, when the new moon glittered
So slender in the West,
I looked across my shoulder,
And with a will stroked my breast.

Over my white right shoulder
I looked at the silver horn,
And wished a wish at even
To come to pass at once.

Whenever the new moon glittered,
So slender and so fair,
I looked across my shoulder,
And wished at that wish of mine.

NOW, when the West is rosy,
And the snow whisks the blushing below,
And I see the light white crescent
Float downward, soft and slow;

I never look over my shoulder,
As I used to do before
For my heart is older and colder,
And now I wish no more.

We might copy many verses of equal beauty from this exquisite little volume.

Notices of New Books.

THE GREAT PREPARATION. By Rev. J. Cumming, author of *The Great Tribulation*, etc. New York: Budd & Carpenter.

Dr. Cumming, we need hardly tell our readers, is one of the most scholarly and voluminous writers upon theological subjects in the history of the Church. His works are favorites with thinking readers upon both sides of the Atlantic. That which has enjoyed the greatest popularity is *The Great Tribulation*, published last year by the same firm through whose enterprise and liberality the present work is introduced to American readers. *The Great Preparation* will unquestionably have a large sale. 1 volume, duodecimo. Price \$1.00.

THE UNION TEXT BOOK, containing Selections from the Writings of Daniel Webster, etc. Philadelphia: George G. Evans.

In the present emergency, involving the safety of the Union, this well prepared volume will be found especially appropriate to all sections of the country. It consists of the salient passages, often consisting of whole pages, from the speeches and public addresses of the great defender of the constitution, selected with especial reference to the union and harmony of the states. Better arguments, or more stirring appeals, never came from the lips of man. The Declaration, and the Constitution, with their history, are added as an appendix, and a fine portrait of Webster prefixes the work. Every American citizen should own it. 1 vol., 12mo, 500 pages, \$1.25.

AUTOMOBIOGRAPHY OF JANE FAIRFIELD, including a few Select Poems by Susan Lincoln Fairfield. Philadelphia: George G. Evans.

The family of the poet Fairfield has many claims upon the South, and this interesting volume in which the widow and mother has a direct pecuniary interest, should have an immense sale. We have never read a more touching biography. The brave heart of a true woman battling against suffering, and never crushed by it, lends interest to every page, and adds another to the many proofs that truth is stranger than fiction. Reader, get this book. 1 vol., 12mo., with portrait, \$1.00.

THE OAK OPENINGS, on the Bee Hunter, by Cooper, illustrated by Durley, W. A. Townsend & Co., New York; S. McHenry, sole agent, Philadelphia.

Messrs. W. A. Townsend & Co., New York, S. McHenry, sole agent, Philadelphia, publish, in continuation of their exquisite series of Cooper's Novels with Durley's Illustrations, the characteristic novel of *The Oak Openings on the Bee Hunter*. This is a delightful work of fiction, to us one of Cooper's best, and should be read by all admirers of the great novelist. In the glorious style of the publication, with tinted paper, bevelled binding, etc. It reads like a new book, and as it is furnished at the price of a common novel, it should have a new impetus given to its already large circulation.

THE HISTORY OF LATIN CHRISTIANITY, by Dean Milman, Sheldon & Co., New York, Publishers.

In the most faultlessly beautiful style of the famous Riverside press, Messrs. Sheldon & Co., New York, are publishing from month to month the grand work of Dean Milman on *The History of Latin Christianity*, to be comprised in eight crown octavo volumes at the astonishingly small price of one dollar and a half per volume. The annals of the world present no more crowded and interesting canvas than the ecclesiastical record narrated by Dean Milman, whose discipline and severe life study found its best monument and reward in this, the crowning work of his life. The great scholars of both hemispheres have been lavish in its praises; if the publishers are rewarded for their liberal expenditure upon the work in so exquisite a edition, it will have an immense sale. We can conceive of nothing more valuable for a holiday present, or more flattering to the happy receiver.

Day of Humiliation.

Both congregations in this place had services in their respective churches, on Friday the 4th inst, in accordance with the proclamation of the President of the United States. Rev. J. Henry Smith preached in the Presbyterian church, and Rev. Peter Domb, D. D., preached in the Methodist.

The day was generally observed by the citizens of town, and places of business closed.

Carolina Female College.

We are sorry to learn that this Institution has failed to be self-sustaining, and that its president, Rev. T. R. Walsh, has resigned the presidency. The exercises of the College, we learn, have ceased, at least for a time. The South Carolina Conference has accepted a transfer of the stock and property, and the exercises will be

THE TIMES: A SOUTHERN LITERARY AND FAMILY PAPER.

5

MISTAKES IN THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

There are certain established usages of language in reference to the construction of tenses in compound sentences, which cannot be disregarded without impairing or destroying the sense. Now in the English Translation of the Bible there are mistakes on this point, which being made familiar, have a bad effect upon writers and speakers, who of course suppose that even in a literary point of view, what is found in the sacred volume, is right.— We will notice a few of these; thus in John 5, 40. Christ says, "ye will not execute me that ye might have life."— Here is a post-tense depending on a future, when it should evidently be, "that ye may have."

Mat. 5, 23. "If thou bring thy gift to the altar and there rememberest that &c," here "if" affects both verbs alike, and they should both be in the same mood.— Acts 22, 33. "On the morrow because he would have known the certainty wherefore he was accused of the Jews." Here Wiel has, "would know;" Tyndale, "desiring to know."

Mat. 20, 10. "They supposed that they should have received more"—"should receive more," because the receiving is at the time of the supposition and not over before that time.

Luke 7, 15. "He that was dead sat up," if we were not so accustomed to this, it would sound strangely indeed, that a man could sit up while dead. So that we shall have to make it, "He that had been dead sat up," or "He that was before dead now sat up." John 13, 3. "Jesus knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands and that he was come from God and went to God." "Went" is not a past act, or a completed one: "that he had come from God, and was going to God," would express the sense. Mark 10, 31. "Lord that I might receive my sight;" "Lord (I pray) that I may receive my sight." John 10, 10. "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."— Here we need *may*, instead of *might*.— So in John 17, 3. "That they might know thee;" may know. Mark 6, 49. "They supposed it had been a spirit;" they supposed it was a spirit. The existence of the spirit in their supposition was at the time of it, and not before. Phil. 13. "Whom I would have retained with me that in thy stead he might have ministered unto me;" the object of retaining him was that he might minister to Paul after the retention. Acts 5, 26. "They feared the people lest they should have been stoned." Here the latter act is after the fearing, and the object of it, "lest they should be stoned." Acts 23, 27. "This man was taken of the Jews and should have been killed of them;" but should means *ought*, and this is not what is intended—"would have been," will answer the purpose. Some of these examples are taken from an article by Prof. Gibbs on Bible Revision.

PREACHING ON POLITICS.

A few months ago our ears were stunned with the outcry against preachers introducing politics into the pulpit. They must confine themselves to their proper themes and leave other matters to other professions.

But we suppose that with the change of times, places, and circumstances, moral sentiments change. In a certain religious paper, Dec. 1, 1860, we find this:

"Wednesday of last week was solemnly observed as a day of fasting and prayer, in South Carolina. All business was suspended, and all the churches opened with prayers and sermons to aid South Carolina in her purpose of separation and independence."

The end sanctifies the means now; what was wrong last year, and in another place, is right now, when the object is secession. Again, in New Orleans, an immense concourse assembled to hear Dr Palmer, of the Presbyterian church, deliver his most eloquent and thrilling discourse in favor of secession."

It is not wrong then to preach on politics if you are on the right side.

The Bank of Clarendon, at Fayetteville N. C., has declared a semi-annual dividend, of 4 per cent., out of the profits of the past six months, payable on and after the 1st of January, 1861.

Good dinners have a harmonizing influence. Few disputes are so large that they cannot be covered with a table cloth.

SCHOOL DIRECTORY.

We invite attention to the school advertisements in the TIMES. Most of the schools of higher grade are advertised in our columns, and parents can judge of their respective localities, prices, and advantages. We sometimes hear it said that the distracted condition of our political affairs will very greatly diminish the numbers in our schools. This should not be the case, as our children will stand as much in need of a good education after the Union is dissolved as before; and we are not certain if there will not be a greater necessity for educating our children. At all events, parents should not permit mere apprehensions to frighten them out of educating their children.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

A collision took place between the Express trains on the North Carolina Railroad on Wednesday night about nine miles this side of Charlotte. The two engines and several of the coaches were completely demolished, but we are glad to learn that no one was killed. One of the engineers, Mr. White, formerly from Wilmington, was very seriously injured. Both legs will probably have to be amputated; besides, his body was severely lacerated. A brakeman, it is thought, will also lose both legs. Some three or four others, connected with the trains, were injured slightly. The escape of the passengers from injury was considered miraculous.

The accident happened at the regular passing place of the two Express trains. The train from Goldsboro arrived at the place in schedule time, and was waiting for the train to arrive from Charlotte and run off upon the turnout. The train from Charlotte arrived, a little behind time, but the engineer was unable to stop it, owing to some derangement with the engine, and it ran full speed on a down grade into the other train. We learn that Mr. White died Friday.

PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE.

HARRISBURG, Jan. 2.—The Pennsylvania Legislature met yesterday. In the Senate a resolution was offered, declaring Pennsylvania willing to pass such laws as are necessary for the removal of all real grievances complained of by any sister State, if found to exist.

To day Gov. Packer sent in his message. It takes strong Union grounds. He terms secession rebellion—urges that the state book of Pennsylvania be purged of all acts that are justly chargeable with a violation of the rights of her sister States—recommends the revival of the act of 1826, allowing the claimants of fugitive slaves to choose their remedy either under the State or National law—also that the master have right to retain the service of his slave, whilst passing through, or sojourning in the State; recommends the re-enactment of the Missouri Compromise line by an amendment to the Federal Constitution to be ratified by State Conventions, and should Congress fail to adopt the remedy, let it emanate from the people. He closes by expressing the devotion of Pennsylvania to the Union, which her citizens will defend through every peril.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 1.—A brief though earnest address to the people of the United States has been prepared, recommending them to rally to a compromise on the basis of the propositions of Senators Crittenden and Bigler. It has already been signed by a number of the members of both Houses of Congress.

The most intimate friends of the President say it is his present determination not to remand Major Anderson to Fort Moultrie.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 2.—The President to-day nominated, for confirmation by the Senate, Wm. McPherson, of Pa., for Collector off the Port of Charleston. The Democrats voted against going into secret session on the subject; consequently none was held.

CHARLESTON, S. C. Jan. 3.

There is number of free and slave negroes engaged in throwing up redoubts on the coast.

Benjamin Mordecai on yesterday presented the State of South Carolina with ten thousand dollars.

The Rev. R. T. Nixon, who was struck down with paralysis, during the session of the Virginia Annual Conference, has recovered to a very great extent, being now able to walk with but little assistance.

NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

ALBANY, Jan. 2.—The New York Legislature met yesterday. Gov. Morgan's message was transmitted to the Legislative to-day. It is a remarkably conservative document, and must carry healing on its wings. He refers to certain State reforms and devotes the last portion of the message to session, closing by saying that it is the duty of the National Legislature to act with moderation and conciliation, and that it is the duty of the public press to speak with that regard for the rights of all sections and interests which its vast influence demands that it should. Let New York, says he, set the example in this respect. Let her oppose no barriers, but let her representatives in Congress give a ready support to any fair and honorable settlement of the present difficulties. Let her stand in hostility to none, but extending her hand in fellowship to all; live up to the strict letter of the constitution, in cordial relations with the other members of the Confederacy, proclaiming and enforcing her determination that no one was killed. One of the engineers, Mr. White, formerly from Wilmington, was very seriously injured. Both legs will probably have to be amputated; besides, his body was severely lacerated. A brakeman, it is thought, will also lose both legs. Some three or four others, connected with the trains, were injured slightly. The escape of the passengers from injury was considered miraculous.

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Stephens, of Georgia, and Robert F. Scott, of Virginia, are said to have been tendered posts in the cabinet by Mr. Lincoln.

MARRIED.

In this county, on the 21st November, Mr. Michael C. Davis and Miss Elizabeth Jane Wyck.

In this county, on 25th Dec., Mr. John Melvin and Miss Catherine Loman.

In this county, on the 26th ult., Mr. Shubel G. Ward and Miss Martha Lamb.

In this county, on the 26th ult., Mr. George W. Rich and Mrs. Deborah Mitchell.

In Chesterfield county, Va., on the 19th ult., Mr. Joseph B. Wilson, of Amelia, to Miss Mary A., daughter of Mr. James Howlett, of Chesterfield.

In Edenton, on the 12th ult., Dr. Thomas S. Sommerville, of Richmond, Texas, and Miss Lizzie J. Skinner, of Edenton.

DIED.

In Lexington, on the 24th ult., Mrs. Leathia H. Foster wife of Alfred G. Foster, Esq.

In Morgantown, on 25th ult., of nephritis, Waltham, son of the Hon. W. W. Avery, aged 2 years and 22 days.

In Rockingham county, on the 6th November, George Purcell, sr., aged about 90 years.

In Bellair county, Miss., on the 3d ult., Dr. Edward C. Bellamy, a native of Edgecombe county, N. C., in the 60th year of his age.

In Petersburg, Va., on the 21st ult., McRae Henderson Bullock, son of McRae and Margaret Bullock, aged two years, six months and four days.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET.

Reported especially for THE TIMES by B. L. Cole.

Jan. 5.—Bacon 12¢ lb.; Beef 16¢ lb.; Butter 25¢ lb.; Coffee 16¢ lb.; Candy 12¢ lb.;—Admiral 4¢ lb.—Sperm 10¢ lb.; Corn 10¢ lb.; Meal 10¢ lb.; Chickens 10¢ lb.; Eggs 10¢ lb.; Flour 8¢ lb.; Land 12¢ lb.; Pork 12¢ lb.; Oats 10¢ lb.; Peas yellow 10¢ lb.; Pork 12¢ lb.; Rice 7¢ lb.; Salt 2¢ lb.; Soap 10¢ lb.; Sunflower oil 12¢ lb.; Wheat 10¢ lb.; Fowl-sheep 10¢ lb.; Peaches unpeeled 10¢ lb.; Peaches peeled 10¢ lb.

NORFOLK MARKET.

Reviewed weekly, by Rowland & Davis, Com. Merchants.

Dec. 27.—Flour—Family 10¢ lb.; Extra 65¢ Superfine \$0.80; Wheat-white 11¢ lb.; Corn 10¢ lb.; Meal 10¢ lb.; Spices 10¢ lb.; Rosin 10¢ lb.; Corn—white and mixed 10¢ lb.; yellow 10¢ lb.; Bacon—shoulders 10¢ lb.; sides 10¢ lb.

WILMINGTON MARKET.

Jan. 2.—Turpentine—Virginia 10¢ lb.; yellow dip 20¢ lb.; land 10¢ lb.; Spirits—Turpentine—Country lots 10¢ lb.; P. gal. for New York 10¢ lb.; Rosin—Pale 80¢ lb.; Tar—10¢ lb. 50¢ bbl.

NEW ORLEANS MARKET.

Dec. 27.—Cotton—active 16¢ lb.; 11½¢ lb.;—Flour—Southern 16¢ lb.; Wheat—Southern 12¢ lb.; Corn Mixed 10¢ lb.

BALTIMORE MARKET.

Dec. 27.—Wheat—New crop white 12¢ lb.; 14½¢ lb.; red 10¢ lb.; Corn—white and yellow 10¢ lb.

PETERSBURG MARKET.

Dec. 27.—Wheat—White 13¢ lb.; Red 11½¢ lb.; Cotton-mixed 10¢ lb.; Corn—yellow 10¢ lb.; Bacon 12¢ lb.; Flour—super 10¢ lb.; extra 7.5¢ lb.; Rosin 10¢ lb.; family 8¢ lb.; Soap 10¢ lb.

RICHMOND MARKET.

Dec. 27.—Tobacco—Lung, common and good, at 31¢ lb.; Leaf 43¢ lb.; 50¢ lb.; 58½¢ lb.; Wheat—Red 13¢ lb.; white 10¢ lb.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS, FOR ALL

purposes of a Family Physician are so composed that disease within the range of their action can rarely withstand or evade them. Their penetrating properties search, cleanse, and invigorate every portion of the human organism, correcting its diseased action, and restoring its healthy vitality. As a consequence of these properties, the invalid who is bowed down with pain or physical debility is astonished to find his health or energy restored by a remedy at once so simple and inviting. Not only do they cure the every day complaints of every body, but also many formidable and dangerous diseases. The agent below named is pleased to furnish gratis my American Almanac, containing certificates of their cures and directions for their use in the following complaints: Costive-

ness, Heartburn,—headache arising from disordered Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Pain in and Morbidity in the Bowels, Flatulence, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, and other hundred complaints, arising from a low state of the body or obstruction of its functions.

AYER'S CHERY PECTORAL, for the rapid cure of Coughs, Cold, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the disease. So wide is the field of its usefulness and so numerous are the cases of its cures, that almost every section of country abounds in persons publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other medicine of its kind is apparent to escape observation, and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs that are incident to our climate. While many inferior remedies thrust upon the community have failed and been discarded, this has gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted they can never forget, and produced cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten. Prepared by

DR. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by PORTER & GORRELL, Greensboro, N. C.

SEVEN YEARS!—The seven years of unrivaled success attending the "COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION," have made it a household word throughout every quarter of the country.

Under the able editorship of Mr. George L. Watson, three hundred thousand homes have learned to appreciate—by beautiful works of art on their walls, and choice literature on their tables, the great benefits derived from becoming a subscriber.

Subscriptions are now being received in a ratio unparalleled with any previous year.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Any person can become a member by subscribing three dollars, for which will receive

1st. The large and superb steel engraving, 30x38 inches entitled, "Edith Mastering his Heretic."

2nd. One copy, one year, of that elegantly illustrated magazine, "The Cosmopolitan Art Journal."

3rd. An admission ticket to the Annual Exhibition, "The Gallery of Paintings," 518 Broadway, N. Y.

In addition to the above benefits, there will be given to subscribers, as gratuities premiums, over Five hundred valuable prints, portraits, outlines, &c., forming a truly national collection.

The superb Engravings, which every subscriber will receive, entitled "Edith Mastering his Heretic,"

are done on steel, in fine line and stipple,

and is printed on heavy plate paper, 30 by 25 inches, making a most elegant ornament, suitable for the walls of either the library, parlor or office. Its subject is the celebrated "Edith Mastering his Heretic," in Justice Shallow's office, the records which have been gathered for his legal residence.

It could not be furnished by the trade for less than five dollars.

The Art Journal is too well known to the whole country to need commendation. It is a magnificently illustrated magazine of Art, containing Essays, Stories, Poems, Gazetteer, &c., by the best writers in America.

The Engraving is sent to any part of the country by mail, with safety, being packed in a cylinder, postage paid.

Subscriptions will be received until the evening of the 1st of January, 1861, at which time the books will be sent to each and their price be given to subscribers.

No person is restricted in the single subscription. Those paying \$12 are entitled to five memberships and to one extra engraving for their trouble.

Subscriptions from California, the Canadas, and all Foreign Countries must be \$15 instead of \$12, in order to defray postage, &c.

For particular persons send for a copy of the elegantly illustrated *Art Journal*, pronounced the handsomest magazine in America. It contains Catalogues of Pictures, Prints, and numerous superb engravings. Regular price, 50cts. per number. Specimen copies, however, will be sent to those wishing to subscribe, on receipt of 18 cents in stamps or coin.

Address, C. L. DERBY, Attorney C. A. A., 546 Broadway, New York.

No Subscriptions received and forwarded by COLE & ALBRIGHT, Agents for Publishers and vicinity, where specimen Engravings and Art Journal can be seen.

1860. NEW STORE.

GRAND DISPLAY of Fall and Winter Goods.

DRUCKER, HELBRUN & CO., are now receiving, and will continue to receive during the present season, the most complete assortment of DRY GOODS, BONNETS, CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES, &c., ever brought to this market, possessing unusual facilities for the purchase of goods from the very first-class Commission Importing Manufacturing Houses in the North, they are thus enabled

THE TIMES: A SOUTHERN LITERARY AND FAMILY PAPER.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

California.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Land of gold! thy sisters greet thee,
Over the mountain and the main;
Let they stretch the hand to meet thee,
Youngest of our household train.

Many a farm their skies have fostered,
Linger 'neath thy sunny zone,
And their spirit-stirring deepen
Sympathy's delighted tone.

We, 'mid storms of war were cradled,
Stood the shock of angry foes,
Then, with sudden, dream-like splendor
Fell-as-born, to vigor rose.

Children of one common country,
Farm in union let us stand,
With united ardor earning
Glory for our Mother-land.

They of gold, and they of iron,
They who reap the bearded wheat,
They who rear the snowy cotton
Blend their treasures at her feet.

While with smile of exultation
She who marks their fatal part,
Like the Mother of the Gracchi,
Fills her jewels to her heart.

AGRICULTURAL.**Too Poor to take the Paper.**

"Will you lend me your *Times*," asked farmer B——, of one of his neighbors, the other day. "Of course I will, but why don't you take the paper for yourself, and have the comfort of it? It only costs two dollars."

"Really I am too poor. It is a grand paper, and wife and the children all like to read it. Am sorry I can't afford it."

Now farmer B—— has a hundred acres of land, and, though not the best manager in the world, he might take the paper a great deal better than not. He has just laid in his Winter stock of tobacco, and that cost five dollars; but he could not afford the paper. He had just been to the circus with his wife, and two eldest children, and that cost a dollar, to say nothing of the time lost; but he could not afford the paper. The week before, he went to the horse race, and lost ten dollars on a bet, to say nothing of the loss of self respect in the gambling operation; but he could not afford the paper. He went to the general muster last month, and that cost him two dollars, besides his time. He loses a hundred dollars every year in munure, which the paper would show him how to save.—But alas! poor man, he cannot afford it.

How Shelter Saves Food:
Also: How warm houses and warm clothing
save fuel—A few practical hints from Science to be studied during these cold days.

Can it be that this subject is fully understood? We have talked and written a good deal about it, and so have others, yet judging from what we see wherever we travel through the country, the mass of people must still be ignorant, or the general practice would be far different. We will flatter ourselves, however, that those whose practice is wrong, have not been readers of the *Agriculturist*. It is below the truth to say that a correct knowledge and practice in the matter of protecting and feeding stock, would, during the present winter, save two million dollars worth of fodder in this country. The cold winter is upon us, and the fodder that may be saved, is likely to be needed. Let us state as plainly as may be, a few elementary facts that all should understand. They are worth studying.

The food that is consumed by man and beast, goes first to supply the waste or wear of the body, and what is left is stored in the form of increase in flesh. All that can be saved from waste or wear, is clear gain, or profit, in the form of added flesh.

The body (of man or beast) constantly requires some nutriment from food, to take the place of the particles that are daily worn out by labor or exercise. The less the exercise, the less the food required for this purpose. The more quiet and unrestless an animal can be kept, the less will be the food required to supply loss from wear of the muscles and other organs.

The greatest amount of waste in the body, however, is the consumption of food to keep up the natural heat. How is the body kept warm? Why, really, just as a house is kept warm, by the oxydization of carbonaceous materials, or in plainer words, by the burning up of materials, like wood and coal, which contain a large amount of an element called carbon or charcoal. Heat a piece of wood away from the free access of air, to drive off its water chiefly, and you have a bulk of charcoal left nearly equal in size to the original billet of wood. Heat hard coal, called "stone coal," in the same way, and you have a mass of

cake left, which is like charcoal. Heat potatoes, turnips, corn, wheat, oats, hay, straw, bread, meat, or any other food, just as you heat wood in the coal pit, and you get in every case a mass of charcoal. Charred meats, bread toasted black, etc., are familiar examples, only that in these cases the heating is done in the open air, and a part of the charcoal is driven off or carried away by the air. We repeat, then, that all kinds of animal and human food, are largely composed of carbon or charcoal. It does not appear in its black form, until the other materials are driven off by heat, but the carbon is none the less there because we do not see it with a black coat on. Our animals are eating large quantities of this carbon in their hay, grain, and roots, and we eat it in our bread, meats, and vegetables.

In the fire place and stove, the air (its oxygen) unites with the carbon of the wood or coal, forming a condensed heavy gas (carbonic acid) which goes up the chimney or stove pipe. This condensing of the air with the fuel (or carbon in it) gives out heat that was before latent or concealed, and our rooms are warmed.

In the bodies of men or animals, the fuel (food) is chopped up by the teeth, and by the gastric juice in the stomach, and the particles are carried all over the body by the blood. We take in air through the mouth, just as the stove takes it in through its draft. The air goes into the lungs, where it mixes with the blood, and is carried all over the body. When a particle of this air meets a particle of food, it unites with it—they burn, just as the food would burn when the air came in contact with it in the stove. The result is, little heat is given out. The myriads of food and air particles constantly meeting within the body together, produce heat enough to make up the waste heat constantly escaping from the surface.

In cold weather more heat is carried off from the body, and we and our animals, must either have more fire (more food and more air) to supply the greater waste of heat, or we must put on more clothing, or stay in warmer buildings. (The carbonic acid, which in the stove is carried up the pipe, is in the body thrown into the lungs and out into the air. A large number of persons breathing in a close room spoil the air the same as if a stove

pipe opened into it.)

Practical Deductions.—The above explanations are of important application. To keep a house warm, we must either make the outer walls so close or non-conducting as to prevent the escape of heat, or we must burn more fuel to get heat to supply the waste. To keep our bodies warm, we must either put on warmer or non-conducting clothing, to retain the heat of the system, or we must consume and digest more food (fuel) and breathe more air into the blood, to produce more internal heat to supply the waste.

If a horse is covered with a warm blanket to prevent the heat escaping from the surface, he will require less food to keep up the supply within, than if left uncovered in the cold air. If he is put in a warm stable he will need to eat much less food to keep up the supply within, than if left uncovered in the cold air. If he is put in a warm stable he will need to eat much less food than if in an open stable, or in one where are open cracks, and drafts of cold air through doors, open spaces in the floors partitions, and ceilings. Stop up the cracks, and close up the needless openings, and you will find your money in it when you have extra hay and oats to sell or buy towards Spring.

Cattle, sheep, and other animals, left out in the cold, must have much more food (fuel) than if kept in warm close stables. They will eat less on the lee side of a building or shed, than if exposed to currents of air that carry off the heat of the body rapidly. *The less the food required by any animal to keep up the internal warmth, the more will there be stored away in the form of increased fat and flesh, which is so much profit.*

Sheep kept at a haystack in a bleak field, will eat more (at the cost of the owner) but they will not grow more. The rapid internal fire required to sustain a life heat, weakens the system, as is too frequently shown by running noses, and weakened bodies, in or before Spring.

Hogs kept in a warm pen with a good bed of straw, instead of in a cold pen, will use up less food for fuel, and store away much more fat, from the same number of bushels of corn. In one case they

may be kept at a loss, and in the other pay a fair profit. The same reasoning applies to all animals—the human animal not excepted. Give all animals a warm habitation, or shield them from cold, and you will save food that would otherwise be required to keep up the animal heat. On the understanding and application of so simple a principle, often depends the success or failure of many—of most men.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

A Prayer for the New Year.

BY MATILDA.

Lord, not in fear nor in distrust
Would our petitions lie.
We bless the darkness and the storms
That bring us close to thee;
We know the waves, though wild and high,
Connot our bark overwhelm.
For thou, our light, our truth, our way.
Art ever at the helm.

We know that thou wilt guide us right,
Across this troubled sea;
Lord, help us every hour we live
To put our trust in thee.
We know not which way to pursue—
We know not which to shun;
Oft teach us, Father, how to pray
Thy will, not ours, be done.

Washington, D. C.

OUR HOMES.**"Can't do without the Paper."**

Said Mrs. Weatherby, as she laid down a late number of the *Times*, and looked across the table to her husband, who was elbow deep in his political paper, reading of party squabbles. "You don't think of stopping it do you, my dear?"

"So many papers, wife, the garret's full of them now. A man needs an independent fortune to supply all the wants. Must have a political paper, and a religious paper, and Susie must have her magazine with the fashion plates. Guess that's about enough."

"But you said when you were setting out the new grape vines from Dr. Grant's, this Fall, that you got hints enough on that subject alone from the *Times* to pay for it."

"Yes, I know, but there's so many things."

"Well if you can't pay for it, I can.—The eggs, you know, have been more than doubled this year. Look at this account of eggs sold. Hints all came from the paper. There were twenty bushels of onions, where we did not get five last year. It was the wood ashes you know. Then we have got two cents more a pound for the butter, because it was worked dry and packed in ice. That idea came out of the paper. And there is a hundred more just as good, and I suppose they will keep coming. I can't do without it."

Hints on Washing the Hands.

Some "philosophy" is useful in even so simple a matter as washing the hands; if any one doubts it, let her with a microscope examine the surface to be cleansed by water, and she will be interested, and perhaps shocked at the discoveries made. Instead of a smooth surface of skin, presenting, when washed, a dingy appearance, there will be seen a rough, corrugated surface, with deep irregular furrows in which the foreign particles are deposited like earth among the rough paving stones of a street. If they lay loosely, it would be an easy matter to dislodge them with a little cold water; but the pores, the waste pipes of the body, are continually discharging into these open drains, perspiration and oil, which by evaporation, become a cement to hold the particles of dust, etc., and to remove them, requires both chemical and mechanical action. Warm water softens this cement, expands the furrows, and makes the skin pliable, so that by rubbing, the soil is disturbed and partially removed. But chemistry must aid a little before the process is complete; and soap is added, alkali of which unites with the oily matters, and the whole is then easily disposed of.

The wash cloth is useful, because its threads or fibers work down among the furrows, like so many little brooms, sweeping them out; hence it should be soft and pliable. Flannel is preferable to cotton for this purpose, and a sponge is the best of all. Rough coarse cloths are objectionable, as they break the skin and leave it rough and more easily filled with dust than before.—Harsh strongly alkaline soap should be avoided for the same reason; it abstracts all the oil from the upper layer of the skin, and makes it "chap" or crack. Where a sponge is not obtainable, a very neat and serviceable washcloth may be knit of soft cotton twine; either with the crochet, or with coarse woolen needles; knitting back and forth, as garters are knit. A mitten

knit on tidy cotton with the crochet needle, is very handy for this purpose, and makes a neat article for the wash stand.

A wash rag will not be tolerated by a tidy housekeeper. If cloths are used, let them be neatly hemmed, and kept scrupulously clean. Applying a little vinegar and water to the hands or face, after the use of soap, and rinsing off the vinegar with clean water, is a capital process to prevent chapping or roughness. The acid neutralizes the alkali of the soap, and keeps it from destroying the skin. Try this frequently, especially on washing days. Diluted vinegar or other acid is excellent for the face after shaving.

DELICIOUS PUDDING.—Bake common sponge cake in a flat bottomed pudding dish. (Several may be prepared at one time, as they are quite as good when a few days old, and very dry.) When desired for use, cut it into sixths or eighths, split each piece, butter them, and return them to their places in the dish. Make a custard with four eggs to one quart of milk, season and sweeten to the taste, and pour it over the cake. Bake half an hour.—The cake will swell and fill the custard.

NEW YEAR'S CAKE.—Sift together 12 lbs. white sugar and 1 lb. of butter. Dissolve a small teaspoonful of pearl ash in 1 pint of milk and add to the butter and sugar. Stir in 3 lbs. flour and 2 teaspoonsfuls of caraway seeds. Roll about half an inch thick, cut in small cakes, and bake in a quick oven.

CRACKER MINCE PIE.—For four pies of common size, break five large crackers into a pint of warm water; add 1 1/2 cups of butter, 1 cup molasses, 1 cup vinegar, 1 cup chopped raisins, 2 cups sugar, with cinnamon, cloves, and salt to your taste. [Rather a rich pie for a weak stomach.]

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Decimal Measures and Weights.

BY MARCUS.

That a well constructed Decimal system of Measures and Weights would be much more convenient than that now in common use cannot be doubted. This, being the case, the subject should be kept before the people. To do something in this direction is the object of the present article. In order the better to illustrate the subject, the following scheme is introduced.

The Ell is taken as the unit of length, and is equal to twenty five inches; and from decimal parts and multiples of this all other measures are derived.

The following terms, with the first letter of the unit, express the decimal denominations of the measures and weights.

Deci, expresses the	10th part
Centi,	100th "
Milli,	1000th "
Deca, signifies	10 times
Hecta,	100 "
Kilia,	1000 "
Myria,	10000 "

LONG MEASURE.
The Ell is the unit, and is equal to 25 inches.

10 millis,	equal 1 centil
10 centils,	" 1 decil
10 decils,	" 1 Ell
10 Ells,	" 1 decal
10 decals,	" 1 hecta
10 hectas,	" 1 kilia
10 kilias,	" 1 myria.

LAND MEASURE.

The Acre is the unit, and is equal to 1 hecat square or .99639 statute Acre.

10 millies	equal 1 centic
10 centics	" 1 decic,
10 decies,	" 1 Acre
10 Acres,	" 1 deceae
10 decacs,	" 1 hectac
10 hectas,	" 1 kiliae
10 kilias,	" 1 myriæ.

MEASURES OF CAPACITY.

The Mensur is the unit and is equal to 5 centils (or 14 inches) cube.

10 millims	equal 1 centim
10 centims	" 1 decim
10 decims	" 1 MENSUR
10 mensurs	" 1 decam
10 decams	" 1 hectam
10 hectams	" 1 kiliam

[equal to .9082659 bush

10 kiliams	" 1 myriam.
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WEIGHTS.

The Pound is the unit and is equal to 1 pound Avoirdupois.

10 millips	equal 1 centip
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THE TIMES: A SOUTHERN LITERARY AND FAMILY PAPER.

(Continued from first page.)
months in your society, yet I must leave you—my time of vacation is over, and the world needs my earnest labor. If we would gain position honor! character we must labor for it, nay! labor with a *will* firm and active. Maud, may I hope to have a place in memory? Will you think of me, in the future, with the same feeling that I shall of you?" as these words came in a whisper from my lips, her grasp tightened on my hand, and she murmured, "I shall *always* think of you, Horace, it will be my prayer that God may lead you onward to prosperity and honor!"

"Bless you, Maud?" I replied, "you have given me fresh vigor to my body, new life to my soul; and I'll do, or die."

"Hush!" she whispered, "Be not so earnest! I feel you will achieve what you aim at—and be assured, Horace, whatever may be your fortune, whether for weal or woe, remember, Maud's *heart beats for you and you alone!*"

Again we were silent, but our souls were filled with holy joy—at last we parted,—parted with high hopes, *hopes* which the heart seldom sees realized.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 27, 1860.
The Country—Changes in the North—Fears and Doubts—Questions for the South—Southern Members wrong in leaving the Senate in Congress—Christmas—Great influx of Specie—Business—Want of Employment—The President—Fast, &c.

The present state of political affairs is painful to every patriot; the North and the South are both caricatured and misunderstood by each other and by the public—I mean the great mass of the people. If the "politicians" were all drowned or imprisoned for six months and the people had the question distracting them fairly stated, they would settle the whole controversy in three months, honorably, equitably and satisfactorily; but the politicians are as stumbling-blocks, blind guides, and no longer have the confidence of intelligent and virtuous men; therefore, they are unable to devise means to settle our present disputes, the great body of the people not being willing to trust the majority of them for fulfilment. "Every one has a Panacea and no one will take it; in the meantime the patients are committing suicide." There are evident and radical changes going on in the public mind North and East; people are getting out of the fog by getting out of cash and getting out of cash by getting out of labor, and are led to inquire—what is the matter, and what is the cause of it? Six months more of the present pressure will induce the whole body of northern laboring men to yield to any just and lawful demand, and to repeal every obnoxious law. That sentiment now prevails among the people, but politicians stand in their way and declare for senseless plot forms at the expense of the country's rights. Justice Shaw, of Massachusetts, who decided against the Fugitive Slave Law, Ashmun, who presided at the Chicago Convention, and a host of other strong men have come out in favor of repealing all Personal Liberty Bills—and almost every town in Massachusetts, beginning at Boston has elected men opposed to Republicanism as now expounded. The current is rapidly turning in the right direction, but it requires time to effect great changes. Everybody in possession of brains or intellect are now fearing and doubting as to results. South Carolina secession was expected by all sensible men, but where it will stop is the question which distracts the wisest heads.

As the South is now tending, it would be well to inquire how she is to maintain herself. Without war, it will require South Carolina to pay a tax of *thirty-three dollars* per head to exist. Add to this her district or county tax, and the almost inevitable introduction by some means of the African slave trade—which will reduce the value of slaves one half in five years, and benefit only traders—and then should war among ourselves occur, and the men of the Slave States be called to defend the coasts, harbors and large cities, what would become of helpless women and children should an insurrection occur? The idea is dreadful, but these things should all be considered *beforehand*. A disruption will also stop all the works of internal improvement to a great degree for years, and cripple every State enterprise now on a grand scale of progression.

The withdrawal of Southern members from Congress, leaves, or soon will, leave the Republicans in power; this is a surrender and submission of vested and powerful rights in the Government, and is cruel in the extreme to the other Southern States, and looks, indeed, like "*dragging*" them into the vortex of ruin. Let all good men, therefore, reflect, come together in primary assemblies, and act as becomes a great people; do as they would be done by, and this great controversy may yet be settled for the good of all. May heaven so direct it.

Christmas was cold, clear and lively; nothing transpired of importance.

Five million of specie was received at this port last week, and three and a half in three days of this week, and still it comes; unfortunately, it affords little relief, there being no special demand for it, and it lies inoperative in banks.

Business is perfectly prostrated, and thousands are idle, seeking bread and employment in vain, and their future is dark and uncertain. Factories and manufacturers of almost every kind are working some three-quarters, some half, some one quarter, and many are doing nothing whatever; thus men, women and children are coming to want and beggary in this great city, and greater boasted land of liberty! Alas for us. Well may the President invoke heaven for mercy, and even this by feels is laughed at. Yours truly,

E.

Another Church Separation.

The Lay Convention of the Baltimore Methodist Episcopal Church, in session recently at Baltimore, has adopted a series of resolutions to be laid before the Baltimore Conference at its meeting in Staunton. The following is an extract of the preamble to them:

With the new chapter on slavery, you are already proscribed in the whole slaveholding territory of the Conference from preaching with any success, because the people will not willingly listen to those placed under solemn obligation to maintain and administer a church discipline contrary to the sentiments of our people, and even odious to civil concern. Along the whole border you are brought face to face with the proslaves, your brethren of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and the only substantial difference existing between you is in point of church economy, creed or discipline, is in this vexed slavery question. In the minds of the masters the only reason for your antagonistic relation to that Church is your implied obligation under the discipline to institute a doctrine on that subject which constitutes the distinction between our Church and that.

Your silence upon the chapter, your varied explanations of it, and your repudiation of it, avail nothing. The hearts of the people are closed to you. The Church is in perpetual agitation. All Church enterprise is retarded. The building of churches and parsonages has almost entirely ceased, and missionary collections are called for in vain. The pulpits cease in great measure to address the congregation, and is necessarily compelled to fight for the very existence of the Church itself. It was more than the Church could do prior to the late General Conference to maintain herself among us. With the new chapter on slavery it is impossible. Under the circumstances, dear brethren, we look to you to provide some measure of peace and quiet to our denomination here which shall preserve our unity.

These are the resolutions:

1st. Resolved, That the Baltimore Annual Conference should, at its next session declare that by its recent unconstitutional and violent action the Buffalo General Conference has severed the ecclesiastical connexion which has hitherto held us together as one Church, and that the Baltimore Conference does not and cannot longer remain under its jurisdiction or submit to its authority or those representing that authority.

2d. Resolved, That the Baltimore Annual Conference should also assert and claim that the said General Conference has by its said action separated the several Annual Conferences represented thereby and occurring in said action from the Baltimore and other non-concurring Conferences, and that the Baltimore and other non-concurring Conferences constitute the Methodist Episcopal Church proper, and may exercise all the rights, duties and powers appertaining properly to their position as such.

3d. Resolved, That the position we shall occupy after such action as has been indicated has been taken—whether it shall be that of independence or union with some other branch of the Methodist family, upon such terms as might be mutually satisfactory, is a question which this Convention is willing to leave to the sound discretion of the said Annual Conference, in the light of all the facts and circumstances surrounding it.

4th. Resolved, That a Committee be appointed by this Convention to present the proceedings of the same to the next session of the Baltimore Annual Conference, through such members of Conference as they may elect, and that they be instructed so to do at the earliest practicable moment.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—A correspondent writes from Louisburg, N. C., to the Petersburg Intelligencer, that a fire occurred at that place on the night of the 28th Dec. by which some fifteen or twenty houses in the centre of the town were destroyed, including the printing establishment of the American Eagle. The damages are estimated at from \$75,000

to \$100,000. The fire was accidental. During the fire a young man named W. B. Brown, a resident of the place, was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun. The loaded gun had been placed on a pile of goods, and some goods being thrown on it, it was discharged, the shot wounding Mr. Brown vitally. He lived about one hour.

News from Washington Territory.

Horrible Indian Massacre of Oregon Emigrants—Mothers eating the dead bodies of their husbands and children.

FORT WALLA WALLA, Washington Territory, Nov. 18, 1860.

The command of Captain Dent, United States Army, has just reached this point from the scene of the late Indian massacre, near Fort Boise, bringing with him twelve men women and children, who have been rescued from this massacre, which has been one of the saddest which has ever occurred on the emigrant route.

These wretched creatures were found almost naked, and eating the dead bodies of those that had been massacred, and in one case eating the head of a man that had been buried for ten days. The party numbered forty-four souls, out of which twenty-nine were massacred and fifteen saved.

They had moved from Wisconsin up to Fort Hall where they received an escort of dragoons, who guarded them to near Salmon Falls, on Snake River, when the dragoons turned back, they were left alone for three hundred miles, when they expected to reach Walla Walla, W. T. Near Fort Boise they were attacked by from one hundred and fifty to two hundred Snake Indians. They fought for two days, when, finding their men falling, they abandoned every thing and fled for their lives. The next day they saw by the smoke that their train had been destroyed. They moved on for several miles on foot, the mothers many of them, carrying their infants at their breasts until they came to a small creek lined with berries, where they had remained five weeks until the troops found them. Two men had made their escape and gave the information, upon which Col. Wright ordered out troops to their relief.

The troops moved rapidly, and when they came up with the emigrants it is said that the heart of every soldier was moved at the saddest spectacle that humanity ever witnessed. The poor people, men women and children, bowed themselves on the sand desert, where they were found, and offered up a solemn and fervent prayer to God at their most miraculous escape, and with one falling the soldiers swore vengeance against the savages who have reduced this band of emigrants to this condition.

But the most horrible sight was yet to be witnessed. They were without food or clothing, and had made shelters for themselves out of willows and grass, and the infants that had been left after their mothers had been massacred were eaten most ravenously, and one lady ate two of her own children that had died of starvation, and afterwards dug up her own husband, and the troops found his head roasting up on the fire when they reached them. They said it was not until starvation drove them to it that they could allow themselves to be thus reduced to live upon human flesh, and that, too, in a putrid state. The women had been ravished by the hellish savages, and their naked dead bodies bore all the marks of horrible brutality. When will our government take some action to guard and protect our emigrant roads to the Pacific coast? This last act calls for vengeance loud and deep.

A rumor has also reached here that the Flathead Indians in the Bitter Root Valley has risen, and were giving great trouble at Fort Owen. Everything has been done by Colonel Wright, the commander of this department, that a humane and noble commander could do, and much credit is due the officers and troops under Captain Dent, for their efficient aid and kindness to these emigrants. Lieutenants Anderson and Reno, and Dr. Taylor, United States army, the officers with the command, did every thing that could relieve these poor people in their distress.

A body of troops had been sent out from this post as it was supposed, to bring in and protect any emigrants that might be left on the road, but the troops returned here in August, without bringing in any emigrants. We can only trust that the Government may take warning from this, and initiate such steps as to prevent its recurrence.—Correspondence N. Y. Herald.

A homespun dress—the skin

WIT AND WISDOM.

Why must your nose necessarily be in the middle of your face? Because it is the *center*.

Why is a pig in a parlor like a house on fire? Because the sooner it is *put out* the better.

An old maid, speaking of marriage, says it's like any disease—while there's life, there's hope.

Among the novelties advertised in the papers, are "single and married bedsteads."

According to bachelor horticulture, the genuine domestic evergreen is—a husband.

"Still my garter over me *stealing*," said a man said when he heard a thief in his garret.

The man who challenged contradiction got into an awful fight, and was most severely beaten.

An eminent artist is about getting up a panorama of a lawsuit. It opens in the year 1, and closes at doomsday!

An apothecary asserted in a law company, "that all bitter things were hot." "No," replied a physician, "a bitter cold day is an exception."

A Yankee, who has just commenced the study of Italian, wants to know how it is, if they have no *a* in that language, that them *chaps* spell *wagon*?

Many a true heart that would have come back like a dove to the ark, after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the savage cruelty of an unforgiving spirit.

Sometimes, in musing upon genius in simple manifestations, it seems as if the great art of human culture consisted chiefly in preserving the glow and freshness of the heart.

Good manners should begin at home.—Politeness is not an article to be worn in full dress, only to be put on when we pay or receive a complimentary visit.

Some one telling the famous Jerome Bignon that Rome was the seat of faith, "That is true," said he, "but then faith is like some people who are never at home."

Go down upon only one knee to a young lady. If you go down upon both you may not be able to escape quick enough in case of the appearance of an outraged father.

I am certain wife, that I am right, said that you are wrong; I'll let my ears on it." "Indeed, husband, you shouldn't carry betting to such extreme lengths."

To cure lums, first ascertain what is the matter with them. Then apply the proper remedies; and if you do not succeed in curing them, it isn't your fault.

Jeremiah was telling how much he liked calves' head for dinner, when the mistress exclaimed, "O, you cannibal!"

A SUGGESTIVE WRITER.—Whenever he presents to his reader one full blown thought, there are several buds about it which are to open in the cool of the study; and he makes you learn more than he teaches.

LANDOR.

Women love to find in men a difficult combination—a gentleness which will invariably yield, with a force which will invariably protect.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague said the severest thing ever uttered against her sex: "It goes far to reconcile me to being a woman—the reflection that by no possibility shall I ever marry one."

A Baptist preacher in a certain place was giving evidence in a court of justice; when the counsel on the other side, inquired of what profession he was. He replied, "Oh I am only one of the candles of the Lord," when the former very jocosely retorted, "A dipped candle I suppose!"

Oliver Wendell Holmes sent two poetical letters to the "post office" of an Episcopal Fair at Pittsfield, Mass. In one of them the first stanza was:

"Fair lady, whose'er thou art,
Turn this poor leaf with tender care;
And—hush, O hush thy breathing heart—
The one thou lovest will be there."

On turning the "poor leaf," there was found a one-dollar bill with some verses, beginning:

"Fair lady lift thine eyes and tell
If this is not a truthful letter:
This is the one (1) thou lovest well,
And naught(0) can make thee love it better."